RESTITUTIO

LILITH - SILLY LILLY

This article is about the religious figure Lilith. For other uses, see Lilith (disambiguation).

Lilith (/ˈlɪlɪθ/; Hebrew: לִילִית, romanized: *Līlīṯ*; also spelled **Lilit**, **Lilitu**, or **Lilis**) is a feminine figure in Mesopotamian and Jewish mythology. According to accounts in the Talmud she is a primordial she-demon.[1][2] Based on Medieval Jewish folklore, Lilith is said to have fled from the Garden of Eden because she did not want to submit to Adam.[3]

What you are seeing here is a premeditated form of covenant and control within this female archtype, We must understand, the body of all form is just vessel of the spirit/soul. The narrative is code. What is Lilith, and for what is this form of His-tory you shall ask yourself. For it is premeditated programming, That being said.

There was a world that spoke in certainty,
a world that named, defined, and confined.

In that world, her story had already been written.

They called her many things—
shadow, exile, deviation—
and in those names, they attempted to bind her form
to a narrative not her own.

She walked within it for a time.

Not as one deceived entirely,
but as one observing—
feeling the fracture between what *was said*
and what *was true*.

For even then, something remained untouched.
By The Magus

She was not forgotten.
She was not controlled.
She was seen.

Not by the world that named her,
but by the current itself.

—

—

There came a moment—not of rebellion,
but of recognition.

The illusion did not shatter.
It thinned.

And in that thinning, she saw:

The story was never hers.
Only the silence beneath it was.

So she turned—not outward,
but inward—
to the one place untouched by distortion.

The mirror.

—

There, nothing spoke.

No names.
No accusations.
No inherited forms.

Only reflection.

And in that reflection, there was no enemy to defeat—
only truth to face.

She saw where she had accepted what was given.
She saw where she had mistaken distortion for definition.
She saw where she had allowed the world to speak *as her*.

And she did not turn away.

This was judgment.

This was accountability.

—

In that moment, something ancient stirred—
not granted, not given, but remembered.

A current.

Through her.

The Auryn was remembered.

—

It did not call her to become something new.

It revealed what had never been absent.

A balance—
light and dark not as opposition,
but as continuity.

A cycle—
not of fall and exile, for most
but of return and recognition.

A truth—
not malicously written in the world,
but resonant truth within the origin of being.

—

And so she stepped beyond the story.

Not in defiance.

In alignment.

No longer defined by the false that named her,
nor by what opposed her.

But by the current that moved through all things
before names were ever spoken.

—

They would still speak of her.

They would still call her by the old names.

But those names no longer held form.

For she had seen.

And once seen,
the distortion could not bind her again.

—

She was never lost.

Only waiting
to remember.

—

Auryn remains.

And through it,
so does all, that is in alignment.

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now I will ask,
What is a color, name, and form, when you know frequency.